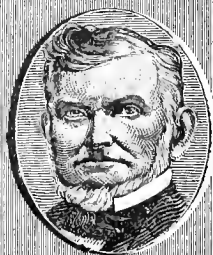
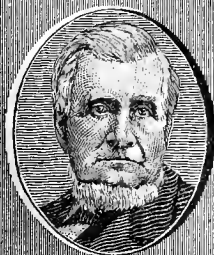


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR AND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Olsen Magna

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



*GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.*

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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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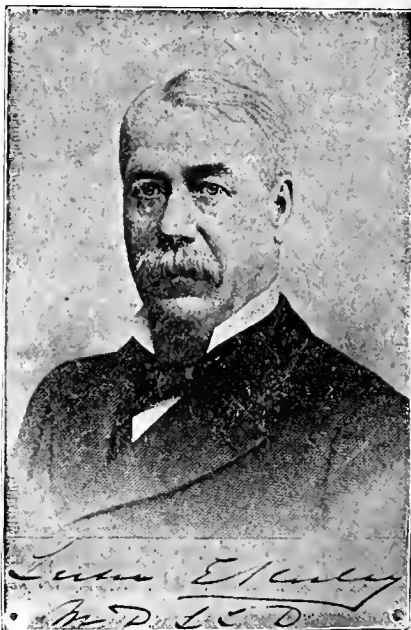
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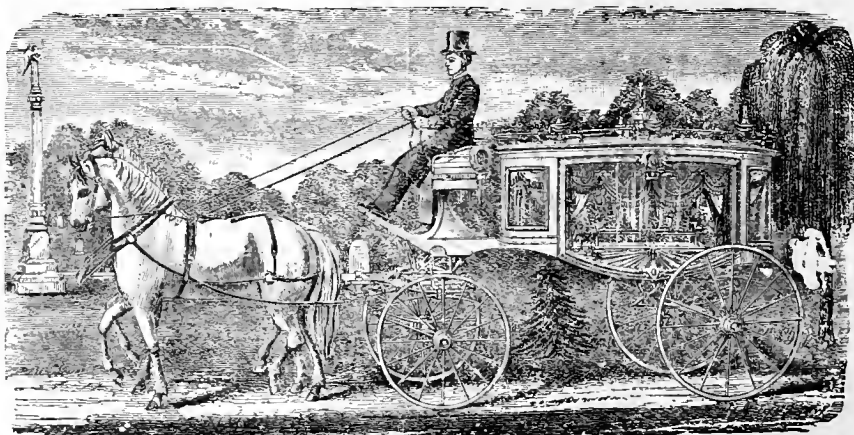
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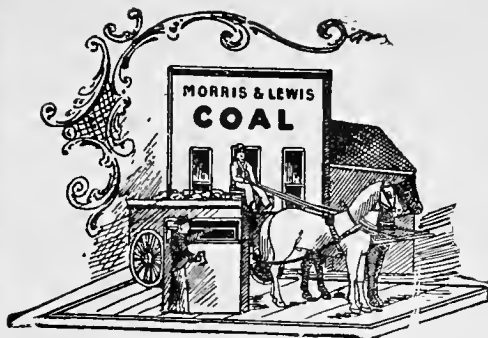
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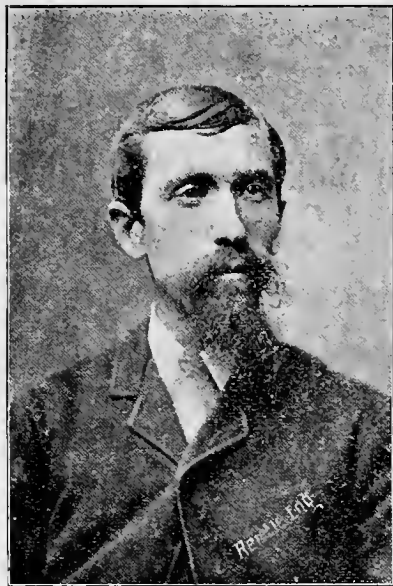
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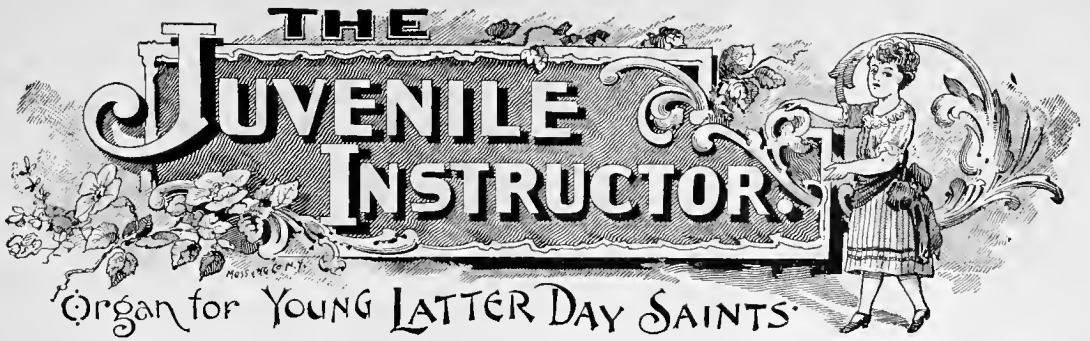
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VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1896.

No. 21.

HOW AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED.

ON the northwestern coast of Italy, in the town of Genoa lived a poor wool comber, Dominico Colombo and his wife Suzanna. They had four sons. The oldest was Christophoro, a very bright boy, who became such a great man, and whose memory every American remembers and loves. No one knows exactly when he was born, but it was in the year 1435, or 1436.

He was such a studious boy, and so quick at learning, that his kind father decided that he should have a good education. He entered the university when he was only ten years old. Here he studied mathematics, geography, and the sciences. When he was fourteen years old he left school and worked with his father at his trade; but in a few months he was filled with a desire to become a sailor as his ancestors had been. Christophoro was as good and generous and brave as he was bright and energetic, and he seemed to realize that he had a great future.

For several years he lived the ideal life of a sailor, a life full of bravery and daring, such as boys delight in. Every few days the ship in which he sailed encountered one of the pirate crews which swarmed the Mediterranean Sea, and this led to an exciting skirmish. Occasionally they ventured a little beyond the boundaries of the then known world. During these years Columbus did not

forget his home. Of all his small earnings, a generous share was laid aside for his parents, and for the education of his younger brother. Nor did he neglect his own earnest studies. He became familiar with the thoughts of all the wise men of his time, through their writings and also with the charts and maps of the known world. It was in this way that he began to think and reason and finally became convinced that the earth was not a plane but spherical in shape. A burning desire took possession of him to explore the unknown regions. He had no idea of the size of the world but believed that by sailing for a short distance Westward the Eastern coast of Asia might be reached.

One day the ship took fire. It was six miles from shore and finding that the vessel could not be saved it was abandoned. Columbus jumped into the sea and swam to shore with the help of a floating plank which he caught. He reached the shores of Lisbon, very much exhausted, but otherwise unhurt. While in Portugal he married a lady of that country. They had a son whom they named Diego. His wife died after a short time, and he, being more than ever imbued with his ideas, traveled to Genoa where he sought assistance, having no means with which to carry out his projects alone. He was refused help by his native people, laughed at, and ridiculed. Then he went back to his wife's

country begging a hearing of John II. The king listened to him, and was inwardly delighted with his ideas, but

this, however, had no faith in the plan and became frightened after he had been out for a short time, and returned,



COLUMBUS ON SAN SALVADOR.

made a show of indifference. He was ambitious and desired to receive all the honor and glory himself, so he secretly sent out an expedition. The captain of

scoffing at the idea of the world being round.

"The idea of people being underneath us, walking on their heads, with their

heels in the air," the sailors argued. So John's dishonorable plan was defeated. Columbus was very angry when he heard of the king's deceit, and straightway started for Spain. Here he waited around for two years, when he was at last sent for by the queen. She was very favorable from the first, and gave him encouragement; but the council of wise men whom the king called together, were strongly opposed to the plan, and the dreamer was turned away.

He immediately started for France. Stopping at a monastery, to beg a piece of bread for his little boy whom he kept with him, he told his story to the abbot, Juan Perez de Marchena, who became intensely interested. This man had been the queen's confessor, and he wrote to her majesty about the cause. The kind-hearted Isabella sent for Christopher again, but again the council interfered and he was turned away. He had not gone far, however, when he was overtaken by order of the king, who at last favored the plan.

After many hinderances and painful experiences, after having lost time, money and patience, but not his enthusiasm, he was given command of three small ships, the *Santa Maria*, *Nina* and *Pinta*. Now the great difficulty was to find men to accompany him. This proved to be another great obstacle in his way. Even criminals, with the promise of pardons, were unwilling to take the risk. But once more the influence of Juan Perez brought good results, and 120 men were enlisted.

On Friday, the third of August, 1492, eighteen years after his plan was first thought of, he set sail from Palos. Crowds of people were at the place to see the ships off. Friends and relatives of the adventurers swarmed around, weeping and wailing, feeling sure that they

would never see the faces of their loved ones again.

After two weeks of unsuccessful travel, the sailors began to complain and fear. Columbus cheered them as best he could, but they were hard to manage, and threatened to throw him overboard and return home. At last they bound him, and he was compelled to promise that unless land was seen in three days he would return.

Bits of driftwood, flocks of strange birds were now to be seen, and one day a branch of roses which they rescued from the waves, filled them with hope and fear—a hope that land was not far distant, and a wholesome fear that it might be the "other world"

About ten o'clock on the evening of October 11th, as Columbus lay alone on the deck of the *Santa Maria*, thinking sorrowfully that on the morrow he must abandon his hopes, he fancied he saw a light far away. He looked and looked, straining his eyes to make sure that they were not deceived, and then he called to his men to look. They could all see very plainly now, and were filled with new life. The next morning at dawn, land was visible, and the now adoring sailors wild with delight released their commander and bowed before him. They were quite sure it was the country they were searching for. A few hours later they landed upon the shores of the new world, and the admiral drawing his sword, took possession of it in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, and their flag was planted.

Columbus, being a pious man attributed his success to God, and being a Catholic, he erected a cross at which he knelt in prayer. The sailors bowed down with him, and the natives, thinking the ships with their wide-spread sails, and the strange beings with their

white skins something supernatural, did not know how to control their emotions of astonishment and awe. Some fled into the forests, others timidly approached, and all were so overcome with fear that they did not think of resisting the men who monopolized their own *Guanahani* as they called the island. Columbus afterwards named it San Salvador. He built a fort upon the island, and leaving the crew of the *Santa Maria*, which had run aground, he returned to Spain, where he was received in triumph.

Three more voyages completed his work. After the third visit to the new possessions, through the treachery of Ferdinand's advisers, and the king's own fickleness, Columbus was sent home in chains. The captain of the vessel in which he was taken desired to release him, but he refused to have his chains removed, saying, "I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes." These chains are believed to have been buried with him, as that was his request. While in prison he wrote a most pathetic letter to the governess of the prince, which was read before Isabella, causing her to shed tears and be filled with indignation. She had him released and taken to the palace. She took his son Diego and his second son Fernando whose mother was a Spanish woman, in to court to act as her pages.

The fourth expedition embarked in the year 1502, and it was not until then that he sighted the mainland of the vast continents. Coming near the coast of South America he thought it was only a small island and named it Zeta, but when his ships got into the strong fresh water current of the Orinoco River, as it rushed into the ocean, he became convinced that it must rise in a very extensive country. Sailing north he discovered the keys which he called the

"Garden of the Queen," and landed at Honduras.

Returning home again he found his one staunch friend, Isabella, dead and the capricious Spaniards dissatisfied with his endeavors. He died on the 20th of May, 1506, a poor, broken-hearted old man. He was buried at Vallaloid, but his remains, and also those of his son Diego, have since been carried to Havana, and interred there, as it seemed only right that his mortal body should rest upon the land which he had found.

A TRAVELER'S VISION.

BEFORE it was yet daybreak, I had begun the arduous task of ascending the mountain to Ensign Peak that overlooks the famous "City of the Saints." But before reaching the summit, my curiosity to find evidences of a once living volcano was not sufficient to carry me farther, and, in extreme weariness, I threw myself upon the ground. The wind sighed softly down the mountain, the birds twittered on the branches and the rocks, I caught sight of an occasional lizard or squirrel, but there was an awful absence of anything human.

I gazed out upon the scene before me; the city was still in shadow, but the golden statue on a pinnacle of the Mormon Temple, catching the first beams of the morning sun, scintillated like some resplendent star. The sight arrested my attention, and started a train of thought. What is this that people call religion? How is it that there are so many different denominations, each one laying claim to the only way to God? Who are right? Why even the despised Mormons declare themselves to be the only true followers of Jesus. Thus I pondered honestly seeking to reconcile this and that; I grew discouraged and

exclaimed aloud, "'Tis useless, religion is but a name." I was started at my own voice, it rang out so harsh and defiant, seeming to challenge a reply. The answer came in tones soft, low, and penetrating:

"Poor, blind mortal; come, I will show thee."

At my side stood a tall, dignified man clothed in white robes which fell to his feet; his hair and beard were somewhat gray, he had kind, piercing blue eyes, a firm, sweet mouth, an expression, winning, yet so full of power, that, while it attracted, still held you in awe. He took me by the hand, and we flew away through space. How delightful was the new sensation!

"Look down upon earth," said my companion as we paused in mid-air. I did so and saw a mighty river, its source enshrouded in mist; and a harbor in which many ships were anchored at an immense wharf.

"The stream which thou see'st empties into the sea of Eternity; the harbor and the landing are Latter Times and the ships are the religions of the earth."

We drew nearer. Great crowds of people were on the landing, on the ships and some were going aboard. The leaders of the different vessels were urging those on the landing to join them, and seemed to vie with each other in getting the most followers; strange methods were often employed to attract the people; some of these captains knelt, praying and weeping at a bench; others marched around singing and beating drums; but the most usual way was to draw a company together and then to address them. The people were often perplexed not knowing whom to follow. Then one who pointed sneeringly at the leaders, met those doubting ones, and clasped about them a belt on

which was the letter S. I noticed on one of the most ancient and magnificent vessels, that the ruler sat there in robes of state, and sent out emissaries to do his work; many powerful leaders protested strongly against this one. On another old and strange-looking ship, teeming with passengers, weird rites were taking place.

My guide pointed toward the mists of the river. I saw a strange bark come forth; it sailed into the harbor and approached the landing; there was a white dove at the masthead and, except the youthful captain, no one on board. He disembarked and went among the people exhorting them to take passage on his vessel; he soon had quite a number of followers, but although molesting none, they were at first shunned, and as their numbers increased, were cruelly persecuted even to the death of their captain. Then another took his place, and the work went on; still they were beaten and driven from one part of the landing to another. Their manner of boarding the ship was different from that of the others; these passed to the bark through the water, being assisted by some one who appeared to be appointed for that purpose.

Troubled, I turned to question my guide; he only clasped my hand more firmly, and, as we arose in the air, the scene faded from my gaze.

I realized nothing of the time that elapsed until we again descended. Now I saw the ships that had been anchored in the harbor all sailing down the river; and there were also a few others that in some respects resembled the strange bark. But where was it? Still isolated and shunned; and yet little boats bearing men were constantly going from it to the other vessels and bringing back converts; the occupants of these tiny

skiffs were sometimes beaten and killed by those to whom they went. I noticed a few persons fall overboard from the strange bark, and as they arose to the surface of the water, they invariably swam toward a ship that was heavily loaded with a gay, scoffing crowd each one bearing the belt which bore the letter S.

Again I felt my companion's hand tighten upon my own, and again came that delightful sensation of flying through space.

"Behold the ships as they approach the Haven of Rest," were his words as we drew near. The people were running to and fro on the vessels; fear, commotion, and excitement were everywhere visible, and momentarily increased; crowding about the captains whose faces showed awful anxiety, the passengers seemed to upbraid and threaten them. I saw no storm, no opposing winds or waves, and yet the ships appeared to be unmanageable. In vain the men at the helms attempted to control them. The people grew frantic, and I could distinctly hear their cries and shrieks of terror. I looked inquiringly at my conductor.

"They are in the grip of the inevitable undertow which is bearing them away from the port for which they had set out."

For a moment, I had forgotten the strange bark. I sought without finding it among the troubled ships; presently, I saw it at some distance off, steadily sailing away; here all was peace and quiet.

"What guides it?" I asked.

"The white dove at the mast-head," quietly answered my companion, and for the third time, I was borne away.

Once more, we paused in air, and another scene was opened to my view. I saw a boundless ocean divided by a leaden

wall which reached to the skies; in this wall was a closed door made fast by great bars of iron. On one side, dark, rolling clouds covered the surface of the water. On the other, all was splendid and beautiful: from afar, I could discern the outlines of three great islands; the first was bright like the stars, the second shone like the moon, the third was brilliant as the sun. We drew nearer.

"It is the Haven of Rest, the port toward which all the ships have sailed," said my guide. I now saw the first island, plainly; on it, was a magnificent white city resplendent in marble and pearl, and surrounded by all the beauties of nature.

The strange bark glided swiftly over the smooth, shining waters up to the marble steps of the island; many people landed, and were met by stately, white-robed figures on whose necks they fell weeping with joy. The strange bark sailed away.

"Whither?" said I to my guide.

"To bear others home."

How I longed to follow; he saw the wish in my eyes, but shook his head dissentingly.

"The second thou art not permitted to behold; the third would consume thee with its glory."

I turned again to the first island; such a vision of loveliness I had never conceived; it was like some splendid dream, perfect in peace and happiness. As I gazed, light and inspiration were poured into my soul, and all unbelief and perplexities melted away.

I felt my companion's hold upon my hand relax; startled, I reached forth but grasped only the cold earth. I was alone on the mountain; the sun was brightly shining; below me was "Zion" and beyond was the wonderful Dead Sea of the West.

Lespe.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

IN the eight hundred and twenty years that have passed since the conquest of England by William the Conqueror, there have been thirty-five occupants of the throne of England. The average reign of thirty-four of these has not exceeded twenty-three years, but Queen Victoria, the present reigning sovereign, was crowned queen on June 20th, 1837, and on September 23rd had completed the longest reign of any English monarch. Up to September 23rd, George the Third, her grandfather, had the longest reign recorded in English annals. The people of England would doubtless have celebrated the 23rd of September had the Queen consented, but she expressed a wish that any formal notice of the length of her rule might be reserved till the completion of her sixtieth year upon the throne. If she should live until June 20th, 1897, there will doubtless be a grand celebration in Great Britain and her colonies on this eventful day.

Sixty years is a long period for a throne to be occupied by one ruler. It has been seldom witnessed in the history of mankind. Queen Victoria has proved herself to be a woman of remarkable ability. She has elevated her sex in the opinion of mankind by her excellent qualities and her great success as a queen.

Queen Elizabeth's reign has always been regarded as one of the most glorious in British annals, but the historian of the future will scarcely hesitate to give Queen Victoria a higher place. English writers are free to state that no other epoch of English history can compare in glory with what they call the Victorian Era, and that no

other period of the same extent has been so fruitful in the arts of peace, in great discoveries, in all the best elements of moral, material and intellectual progress. Besides the wonderful developments in science and the progress of inventions and improvements, they say that every form of philanthropic work has flourished under her auspices and that by the beauty and purity of her private life she has deepened and strengthened the foundations of the monarchy, which is supported by the love and devotion of her people.

English writers say that few sovereigns have been so popular as the Queen, or more beloved by all classes and no occupant of the throne has so strictly kept within the limits of the constitution and allowed her ministers a free hand whether she agreed with their policy or not. Those who appear well acquainted with the manner in which the affairs of the monarchy have been managed say that while the Queen has acted on the advice of her ministers on every political question to the end, it would be a great mistake to suppose that she has exercised no judgment, or influence, or will of her own. On the contrary, she has had to be consulted about everything; she has considered everything; she has discussed everything, and has had, in fact, more genuine influence over the the councils of the state than any of the sovereigns who have gone before her.

This is great praise, and it is doubtless well deserved. In this day, when women are coming to the front, it is fortunate for the sex that a glorious reign like that of Queen Victoria can be pointed to as an evidence of what a woman is capable of doing when she has the opportunity.

Queen Victoria has not only outlived

all the sovereigns who were reigning at the time she became queen, but all who began to reign within eleven years after that event, and as many as sixteen who succeeded to their thrones at a still later date. Four times has she witnessed a change of the crown of Prussia and three times have the sceptres of Russia, Denmark, Spain and Portugal changed hands during her reign. Since she has been Queen there have been three sovereigns of Sweden, three of the Netherlands, two emperors of Austria and two kings of the Belgians. In addition to these it may be interesting to some of the readers of the JUVENILE to read a clipping which I make from an English paper, which says that the Queen has outlived:

1. All the members of the Privy Council who were alive in 1837.

2. All the Peers who held their titles in 1837, except the Earl of Darnley, who was ten, and Earl Nelson, who was fourteen in that year.

3. All the members who sat in the House of Commons on her accession to the throne, except Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Charles Villiers, the present Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Mexborough and the Earl of Mansfield, and Mr. John Temple Leader.

4. Her Majesty has seen eleven lord chancellors, ten prime ministers, six speakers of the House of Commons, at least three bishops of every See and five or six of many Sees, six archbishops of Canterbury, and six archbishops of York, and five commanders-in-chief.

5. She has seen five dukes of Norfolk succeed each other as earls marshal, and has outlived every duke and Duchess and every Marquis and Marchioness who bore that rank in 1837.

6. She has seen seventeen presidents

of the United States, ten viceroys of Canada, fifteen viceroys of India, and France successively ruled by one king, one emperor, and six presidents of a republic.

The Editor.

GOOD COMPANY.

KEEP good company or none. Never be idle. Cultivate your mind. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. If any one speaks ill of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Live within your income. Small and steady gains bring the kind of riches that do not take wings and fly away. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a sure way to get out of it. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Save when you are young and enjoy your savings when you are old.

WE never think we can make anything beautiful and worthy of our life, with the many discouraging things, the obstinate hindrances, there are in our lot. Really, however, we can make our lives all the nobler, richer, greater, stronger, worthier, by means of the very things which we think ruin our chances. We can so carve the stone that the iron-rust which seems to mar it shall prove one of its finest features when mastered and wrought into its own place. That is the way to treat hard and discouraging things in our lot.

OUR happiness in this world depends on the affections we are able to inspire.

MINUTES OF SEMI-ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

Reports of Sunday School Work and Suggestions for Future Action.

October 4, 1896.

MINUTES of the semi-annual Sunday School conference held in the Tabernacle, October 4, 1896, at 7 p.m.

There were on the stand besides the general superintendency and members of the Deseret Sunday School Union board, President Joseph F. Smith, Apostles Brigham Young, George Teasdale, John W. Taylor, Anthon H. Lund. The assembly was called to order by First Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard. The Tabernacle choir rendered, "Our God, we Raise to Thee."

Prayer was offered by Elder Wm. Paxman, superintendent of Sunday schools of Juab Stake.

The choir sang, "Glory to God on high."

The roll call of Stakes showed all but two Stakes represented by the Stake superintendency.

The General Secretary then presented the General Sunday School Authorities, who were unanimously sustained by vote of the conference as follows:

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY.

George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, first assistant general superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, second assistant general superintendent; John M. Whitaker, general secretary; George Reynolds, general treasurer.

As Members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board:—George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, John C. Cutler Joseph M. Tanner.

First Assistant General Superintendent

George Goddard was pleased to welcome such a vast concourse of Sunday School workers. He paid a high tribute to their labors in the interest of the youth of Zion, and encouraged them to continue without abating their energies.

VISITS TO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

In speaking of the annual Sunday School conferences of the various stakes he stated that thirty-four had been held, at which various members of the Union Board attended and gave instructions regarding Sunday School matters. Many important items were spoken of by the visiting members of the Union Board at these Stake conferences and trusted that every Sunday School worker would teach by example more than by precept in their labors among the young. Two thousand Sunday School treatises had been distributed free among the various Sunday Schools, since April conference. This Treatise is for the especial benefit of the teachers and officers, and should be studied and discussed in teachers' meetings that good results may follow its adoption as it is now the official Sunday School guide.

TWO DAYS CONFERENCE.

Elder Goddard recommended that one day of the annual Sunday School conference be held at one place, and the second day at another where practicable so more parents and children may have the privilege of attending; also that the primary departments hold their sessions at least one and one-half hours and do not adjourn at 11:15 or even 11:25 as many do. Congregational singing should be encouraged in every school. A new 10c Sunday School hymn book—a 20,000 edition—has been distributed to aid in the accomplishment of this purpose. Those who can should at once forward the amount due on the hymn books to the general treasurer, as the funds are

needed. Elder Goddard hoped that this year a full complement on nickel donation would be received, October 25th being nickel Sunday this year. He closed by invoking the blessings of heaven upon all Sunday School workers.

The choir sang: "In Our Lovely Deseret."

HOW TO CONDUCT A SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL COURSE.

Second Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, in speaking upon the subject, said the outward growth of the Sunday School Union brings an increase in the requirements, duties and demands upon the Sunday School workers. It is not merely an increase in numbers only but an increase in the work, spirit, method and discipline.

The progress of the Sunday School work produces a constantly increasing demand for skilful workers.

The workers in the different stages of development of the Sunday School cause have in the majority of cases, under the blessings of the Lord, faithfully met the new features gradually unfolding themselves before them.

The system of logical progression in the educational system of the Latter-day Saints (illustrated in our Church Schools, Sunday Schools, Religion Classes, Primaries and Mutual Improvement Associations), brings to bear its elevating influence upon the material it has to work with, viz: teachers and pupils; keeps in constant view the ultimate aims it desires to reach, viz: A living testimony of Jesus Christ, and of the divinity of the Latter-day work, and endeavors to conduct all its operations in such a manner as to insure the assistance of the Spirit of God. The General Superintendency and Deseret Sunday School Union Board, mindful of the

great responsibilities resting upon them in regard to the affairs of the great Sunday School work in Zion, have endeavored to meet the emergencies of the case by publishing from time to time instructions through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, by correspondence, by publishing cards, charts, leaflets, pamphlets, hymn books, by lectures, by attending annual Sunday School Stake conferences and by visiting particular Sunday Schools whenever possible.

One leading step in this direction is the establishment of a Normal Sunday School course at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, and of special Normal Sunday School classes in several other Church Schools.

It is essential, however, that all those authorized to conduct Normal Sunday School classes anywhere, in any school or college will follow the plan laid out by the Sunday School Union Board, and carried out at the Brigham Young Academy.

The general outline of the plan is as follows:

The recently published "Latter-day Saints Sunday School Treatise" institutes the basis of the normal instructions for Sunday School work, although the Guide and the Lectures on Sunday School Work, ought to be used as supplements to it, so that every graduate of a Sunday School Normal Course may handle and explain intelligently these works, and follow in his labors the lines indicated by them.

The Sunday School Normal Course should consist first of theoretical instructions given by a professor duly authorized for this work, and secondly, of practical training in some Model Sunday School, organized for that purpose.

A complete Normal Sunday School Course covers a period of twenty weeks.

The course in theoretical instructions consists of:

1. Primary work, including kindergarten and infant class work. Ladies desirous of devoting themselves to this branch of Sunday School work as a speciality may graduate accordingly.

2. A complete Normal Sunday School Course comprises all departments inclusive of the primary. Normals desirous of graduating for this course are expected to have their notes and diagrams examined and endorsed by the examining professor, and to answer satisfactorily any review questions put to them.

3. Instructions in the handling of the authorized text-books, charts and subjects. (Concert recitations, congregational singing, etc.)

4. Instructions in organization, discipline, teachers' meetings, reviews, Stake Annual Sunday School Conferences, Sunday School Unions and General Executive matters. (Annual Sunday School Stake Conferences, etc.)

5. General theological instructions in regard to doctrines, ordinances and church organization. It will be expected that candidates for graduation can give satisfactory evidence of a living testimony of the divinity of Latter-day work, of willingness to sustain and obey the authority of the Priesthood, and of the determination to set a good example to the youth by their daily walk and conduct.

6. The practical course consists in the training of the Sunday School Normals in acting alternately as officers and teachers in various kinds of Sunday School work under the direction and supervision of the professors.

It ought to be understood that no one is authorized to conduct a Sunday School Normal class in any of the Stakes of Zion that does not hold a certificate to

that effect issued by the Sunday School Union Board. This provision is indispensable inasmuch as uniformity throughout the whole Sunday School Union could not be maintained without it.

Elder E. K. Bassett conducted a sisters quartet entitled "Farewell."

Elder Francis M. Lyman, a member of the Union Board, addressed the conference, recommending that hereafter in presenting the General Sunday School Authorities in the Stake Annual Sunday School Conferences, that the General Church authorities be presented also, so the children may become better acquainted with them. Brother Lyman also spoke of the growing habit of introducing members of the Church as Mr. and Mrs. instead of "Brother" and "Sister." The latter terms he thought should now be used instead of the others. He trusted the Sunday Schools would act upon this matter at once in regular class work, and hereafter introduce members of the Church as brother or sister. Also use these terms in class work.

Elder Heber J. Grant, a member of the Union Board, read the following circular of the First Presidency:

TO THE PRESIDENTS OF STAKES AND BISHOPS
OF WARDS.

The question of conducting Sunday Schools without interruption by General and Stake Conferences, Mutual Improvement Associations, Relief Societies and Primary Associations, has been brought to our attention several times, and some general counsel has been given, but not in such a form as to receive the attention it deserves. Again the subject has been brought before us by the brethren who have spent years of their lives in the Sunday School cause, and who are actively engaged in the management of the affairs of the Sabbath Schools,

and after due consideration we have decided that it should be understood throughout all the wards and Stakes of Zion that each Sunday morning shall be held exclusively for the Sabbath Schools, and that no organization shall consider itself at liberty to use that part of the Sabbath to the prevention of Sabbath Schools being held.

The general consensus of opinion among leading officers of the Church who have given this subject attention is to the effect that the breaking up of the Sunday Schools even for one Sunday has an injurious effect; and these schools are so important and they are doing so great an amount of good that we feel convinced that it is unwise to permit them to be suspended. We have, therefore, concluded that this request which has been made upon us by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board is consistent and proper, and we take this method to make it known throughout the Church.

It is our desire that the superintendents of Sunday Schools be permitted to conduct their schools every Sunday morning without any interruption whatever, even on the Sabbath days when general or quarterly conferences may be held. This is not intended to prevent other organizations holding conferences, providing that in so doing the Sunday Schools are not stopped.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

First Presidency.

Following which General Superintendent George Q. Cannon said he felt the importance of punctuality being taught in our Sunday Schools, and urged superintendents and teachers to commence their schools promptly on time and set the example. In regard to the

exercises of the Sunday School, Superintendent Cannon regretted to learn, only that morning, of one Sunday School being held, and during the entire session the name of the Lord was not mentioned. He felt that this was a great wrong, as the object of the Sunday Schools is not to hear fairy tales, not to read works of fiction, not to teach the gospel by the use of myths; but the Sunday Schools have been established for the purpose of teaching the children the principles of life and salvation. The New Testament, the Old Testament, the Book of Mormon and the standard Church works and works issued or recommended by the Union Board should be mainly the guides and text books. Surely in these, and in the history of the Church, and the grand characters which go to make up that history, are so many beautiful stories, events and interesting subjects that there is no special need for other works. He had heard a great deal said about diagrams and plans being used in teaching in the Sunday Schools. These may be useful helps; but simplicity in giving instructions and in the exercises of the Sunday School, teaching the principles of the gospel, the history of the Prophet Joseph Smith and of the Church, accompanied by the Spirit of the Lord, should be the aim and object of every Sunday School worker. Technicality should be avoided. It has been found that those who become acquainted with the Bible in their youth understand the gospel more easily than those who do not know its beauties. The Elders in their travels among the people of the world are most successful among those who are acquainted with the Scriptures. It is so among us. Superintendent Cannon trusted that the teachers would use mainly such lessons as the story of Daniel, Joseph,

Nephi, Moses and the Prophets and Apostles of God, and lessons from works issued by the Union Board, or others recommended by them and our own Church history. The children would be inspired by such noble lives, and no better way can be used in teaching the gospel than by these means.

The choir sang: "From afar, gracious Lord, Thou hast gathered Thy flock." Benediction by Elder John W. Taylor.

John M. Whitaker,
General Secretary.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT.

AMONG the many peculiar natural features of Arizona, few are more interesting than those arid wastes—really an eastward continuation of the great Mojave desert—which encircle Fort Yuma. My first trip over that region of burning sands and arid alkali plain, was made as chainman with a party of surveyors sent out by the Southern Pacific Company to locate the most practicable route for a railroad.

Our outfit, in addition to the usual camp equipment, consisted of a dozen burros and three Indian guides, the chief duty of the latter being to locate springs and water-holes to supply our daily needs. Water, however, as we learned by bitter experience, was scarce and generally of the most unpalatable quality. Were it not that it would be a digression from the proper subject of this story, I could tell you many a thirsty incident of our protracted marches and sufferings in that parched waste.

My diary tells me that on the tenth of August, 188—, we reached the bed of an ancient lake—an extinct lake will more properly describe it—of which there are many in the arid regions of the great Southwest. From the shores of this

bygone inland sea we looked out over a wide expanse of the purest salt, glistening like some highly polished mirror under the tropical sun, and stretching away to the south and east as far as the eye could see.

A wide sweep of sand, intersected by numerous deep arroyas, or washes, as they are sometimes called, and dotted here and there with a growth of stunted sage-brush, and an occasional clump of mesquite trees, slopes gently upward from the edge of the salt bed on the north to a long line of rugged foothills. High above these the Tonto mountains rear their scarred and weather-beaten heads; and over all a death-like stillness rests, a stillness in which you seem to hear the very earth throb and pulsate with the burning heat.

Yet here on this arid desert, at a depression of three hundred feet below the level of the sea, where you may travel a hundred miles without finding a drop of water, I narrowly escaped drowning.

The first exclamation of our chief when we came in sight of the lake-bed was one of satisfaction.

"What a fine natural road-bed!" he exclaimed. "It'll need no filling in, no excavations, no tamping of ties. There'll be nothing to do but lay the track. Why, there isn't a depression or a rise of a foot as far as we can see."

An excavation made to determine the character of the underlying strata, however, revealed the fact that the crusted surface rested upon a bed of black mud, so deep that not a pole in camp was of sufficient length to fathom it. Of course it was out of the question to think of running our lines over this hidden bog, but a natural curiosity to know just how far down the mud extended induced us to make further investigations.

Early next morning I set out across

the salt-bed, taking with me two men and an Indian guide mounted on burros. Our objective point was a range of low hills about six miles to the northwest, where I hoped to secure a long sounding pole.

We picked our way carefully over the crust, which in some cases was only a few inches thick, and which often trembled and sunk under our burros' feet.

Almost overcome by the furnace-like heat and the blinding glare from the white surface, we at last reached the mountains, and cast ourselves down in the shade of a clump of cottonwoods. After resting a few minutes, I set the men to work to cut and dress a stout sapling, tied my burro to a tree, and wandered off up a narrow canyon near by.

Although the noonday sun was blazing down from a cloudless sky, the air in the canyon seemed cool and refreshing after my recent ride over the open desert. Before I had gone very far, I picked up a piece of what prospectors term "float"—mineral-bearing rock broken off some vein and washed down by a flood. I am something of a mineralogist, and as the specimen I had found showed traces of gold, I commenced to search for the "lead" from which it had been displaced. Three hours slipped by, but I was so interested that I had not noted the passage of time. Then all at once the sound of distant thunder attracted my attention, and I gave up the search and hurried back to where I had tied my burro. He was still there, but the men were gone. Moving figures far off on the salt plain showed that they were already nearing camp.

Glancing up at the sky, I saw that a dark cloud, heavy with storm, had crept up out of the east, but the heavens directly overhead were still clear, so I lazily climbed into the saddle and headed

for camp, feeling sure of reaching it in time to escape a wetting.

Before I had covered a mile, however, I saw that the whole sky was beginning to take on a grayish tinge, through which the red disk of the sun glared hot and angry. The air became more sultry every moment, while fitful puffs of hot wind whirled the loose sand in little eddies over the plain. Soon dark clouds began to shape themselves out of the murky vapor, heaving and rolling like angry billows across the sky, and when the lightning began to flash across them, they seemed as though bound together by twisted chains of fire.

I had now become somewhat alarmed, so I tried to increase the speed of my beast by applying a stout stick to his sides and flanks, but the burro's habit of traveling no faster than a walk when carrying a load was too well established to be changed by a drubbing.

At last the rain broke from the bosoms of the clouds and fell in a blinding torrent, shutting out from view all objects more than fifty feet away. The fall of water was so heavy that it made me gasp for breath, and I felt like one drowning. Little streams of water trickled from my clothes as though I had just emerged from a lake or river, while the poor little burro, with closed eyes and drooping ears, hung his head and came to a dead stop, a very picture of dejection.

Fearing that we should wander from the course if we proceeded in the storm, I concluded that it would be better to remain where we were until the rain ceased, for I had an idea that the storm would abate as suddenly as it had begun.

We had remained in this situation probably a quarter of an hour, when the first sense of the awful peril in which I stood swept over me and made me sick

with fear. The rain was dissolving the thin crust of salt, and I was in danger of sinking into the bog below!

Already, in imagination, I fancied I could hear the treacherous surface breaking under the burro's sharp hoofs, and I felt myself sinking down, down, down—twenty, fifty, perhaps a hundred feet—to be smothered and choked in the black and filthy slime. The earth would literally open and swallow me up! No sign would be left as the crust again formed above me, to mark the spot where I had perished, or to tell my comrades the manner of my death.

Trembling with horror, I again brought the stick down on the burro's sides and flanks, but to no useful purpose. His fearful plunges under my severe beating only served to increase the danger of breaking through the crust and sending us down to death together.

Suddenly the rain ceased, the clouds lifted, and I saw that only half of my trip back to camp had been accomplished. I felt that I must trust to my own legs to carry me over the fast-dissolving surface, and I was about to dismount and run for my life, when the burro, with a loud snort, tossed his head into the air, and with ears bent forward and nostrils dilated, gazed fixedly toward camp. I could feel him tremble under me like an aspen in the wind.

What did he see? Was there some new danger threatening us? Listening intently, I heard a sound like the surf of the sea breaking upon a rocky shore. I strained my eyes in the direction in which the burro was gazing, and I beheld through the veil of mist which still overhung the plain, the crest of a mighty wave, dark and muddy, curl and fall and rise again. Over the sage-brush and rolling sand, almost to the edge of the salt plain, it came thundering down on us

like an avalanche. I knew it for a "cloudburst," which might soon swallow us up, yet I sat fascinated by the awful spectacle.

But now the brave little animal that I had so cruelly abused a short time before, wheeled, and with craning neck and quivering flanks, skimmed over the treacherous surface. On, on he flew, racing for dear life, with water flying from his swiftly moving feet.

Three miles lay between us and the mountains—our only refuge; three miles behind thundered the pursuing waters. The danger of breaking through the dissolving salt, which had seemed so great a few minutes before, was now forgotten in the more deadly peril behind.

We covered the first mile without the flood appearing to gain upon us, but, glancing back, I saw that the desert behind was a perfect sea. As far as the eye could reach, wave after wave rose and fell. The advance wall of water was bearing down upon us with fearful speed, for the level floor of the lake-bed offered less resistance to its rush than the brush-covered sand-hills beyond.

Two-thirds of the race was run, and the muddy wave roared in my ears not a mile away. Hope beat high within me as I looked ahead; but this fearful pace could not be kept up much longer. Already my burro began to show signs of deep distress, and his breath came and went in hoarse gasps as he lunged ahead.

"Bravo! little fellow; we'll win yet!" I exclaimed, as I patted his foaming neck, and looked behind to judge the chance for life. The water was gaining every moment, but I prayed that my brave little steed would hold out. We were close to the shelter of the mountains now, but I dared not look behind, so close was the pitiless wave.

At last, with the blood dripping from his nostrils and his breath coming in great sobs, the sturdy little animal gathered his remaining strength to spring up the mountain side. I felt that the race was won and we were saved. A low cry of joy escaped me, and I was already considering how I might best repay the brave little animal that had saved me, when the sharp hoofs of the burro crashed through the treacherous surface and sank into the bog below. As he fell, I was thrown headlong into the air.

I struggled to regain my feet, but the thin crust gave way all about me, and the next moment the pursuing waters closed about me with an exultant roar. I was tossed this way and that for a moment; then came a shock, and my senses left me.

I awoke to find myself lying in a cramped and painful position behind a great boulder. Feeling utterly dazed, I arose slowly to my feet and looked about me. The sun had set behind the hills at whose base I stood, and the damp air was already growing chilly.

I found that I had been thrown up on the mountain side, perhaps ten feet above the water, which covered the plain below me to a depth of two or three feet. Dead lizards were thick upon the rocks about me. One, a foot in length, clung to my clothes in a dying condition. Here and there a rattlesnake lay dead upon the ground.

I could well understand how the first great wave had borne me, in an unconscious condition, and stranded me behind the boulder, where fortunately I had lodged, while the water, spreading over the desert, receded and left me in safety. The burro, however, lay where he had fallen in his last desperate effort, sunk deep in the mud and covered with water.

Thanking God for my almost miraculous escape, I set out around the edge of the newly-formed lake for the camp, which I reached soon after midnight. It was a toilsome and distressing journey, and the fact that I had not tasted food since morning added to my fatigue. The course through the sandhills which I was compelled to take was rough in the extreme, and I was almost ready to faint with exhaustion when the welcome glow of the camp fire came into view.

When the first congratulations were over, I learned that the Indian guides had warned our chief of the danger of "much water" in time for all to reach the higher ground to the north before the cloudburst came.

I told my story, and many were the praises accorded my unfortunate burro for his gallant efforts to save me from destruction.

The railroad runs within a mile of the scene of my adventure, and when business takes me over that part of it, I never fail to note the low, barren hills, go over every incident of my escape that a lively memory preserves, and last, but not least, pay a hearty tribute of thanks to the humble little beast whose wiry legs bore me beyond the reach of death.

A human soul without education is like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAP. V.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 608.)

WITHOUT doubt the most enjoyable period of David's life, was that spent at home with his wife, and in council with his Quorum, in Kirtland, during the next eight months. Mingling with his brethren in the most intimate relationship, in the school for the study of languages, in the school of the Prophets, each preparing himself, in mutual bearing and forbearance one with another, to receive his endowments at the dedication of the Temple, David won from all their lasting love and respect.

At the dedication of the Kirtland Temple on March 27, 1836, after giving the interpretation of a discourse in tongues delivered by President Brigham Young, David himself spoke in tongues.

Receiving his blessings and endowments in the Temple directly after its dedication. David took his wife and started on another mission into Tennessee, where he met for the first time Wilford Woodruff and Abraham O. Smoot.

Of this time President Woodruff writes:

"Brother Smoot traveled with me constantly till the 21st of April, when we had the privilege of meeting with Elder David W. Patten, who had come direct from Kirtland, and who had been ordained one of the Twelve Apostles.

"It was a happy meeting. He gave us an account of the endowments at Kirtland, the glorious blessings received, the ministrations of angels, the organization of the Twelve Apostles and Seventies, and informed me that I was appointed a member of the second quorum of Seventies. All of this was glorious news to me, and caused my heart to rejoice.

"On the 27th of May we were joined

by Elder Warren Parrish, direct from Kirtland. We had a happy time together.

"On the 28th, we held a conference at Brother Seth Utley's, where were represented all the branches of the Church in the South.

"I was ordained on the 31st of May a member of the second quorum of Seventies under the hands of David W. Patten and Warren Parish.

"At the close of the conference we separated for a short time. Elders Patten and Parish labored in Tennessee, Brother Smoot and myself in Kentucky. On the 9th of June we all met at Damon Creek branch, where Brother Patten baptized two. One was Father Henry Thomas, who had been a revolutionary soldier under General Washington, and father of Daniel and Henry Thomas.

"A warrant was issued, on the oath of a priest, against D. W. Patten, W. Parish and myself. We were accused in the warrant of the great "crime" of testifying that Christ would come in this generation, and that we promised the Holy Ghost to those whom we baptized. Brothers Patten and Parrish were taken on the 19th of June. I being in another County, escaped being arrested. The brethren were put under two thousand dollars bonds to appear at court. Albert Petty and Seth Utley were their bondsmen.

"They were tried on the 22nd of June.

"They plead their own cause. Although men came forward and testified they did receive the Holy Ghost after they were baptized, the brethren were condemned; but were finally released by paying the expenses of the mob court.

"There was one peculiar circumstance connected with this trial by a mob court, which was armed to the teeth. When the trial was through with, the people

were not willing to permit more than one to speak. Warren Parrish had said but few words, and they were not willing to let David Patten speak. But he, feeling the injustice of the court, and being filled with the power of God, arose to his feet and delivered a speech of about twenty minutes, holding them spell-bound while he told them of their wickedness and the abominations that they were guilty of, also of the curse of God that awaited them, if they did not repent, for taking up two harmless, in-offensive men for preaching the gospel of Christ.

"When he had got through his speech the judge said, 'You must be armed with secret weapons, or you would not talk in this fearless manner to an armed court.'

"Brother Patten replied: 'I have weapons that you know not of, and they are given me of God, for He gives me all the power I have.'

"The judge seemed willing to get rid of them almost upon any terms, and offered to dismiss them if their friends would pay the costs, which the brethren present freely offered to do.

"When the two were released, they mounted their horses and rode a mile to Seth Utley's; but, as soon as they had left, the court became ashamed that they had been let go so easily and the whole mob mounted their horses to follow them to Utley's.

One of the Saints, seeing the state of affairs, went on before the mob to notify the brethren, so that they had time to ride into the woods near by.

"They traveled along about three miles to Brother Albert Petty's, and went to bed. The night was dark, and they fell asleep.

"But Brother Patten was warned in a dream to get up and flee, as the mob

would soon be there. They both arose, saddled their animals, and rode into the adjoining County.

"The house they had just left was soon surrounded by the mob, but the brethren had escaped through the mercy of God."

In that expression, referring to the Lord, "He gives me all the power I have," Apostle David W. Patten gave at once the secret and the watchword of his wonderful career.

Another incident showing David's utter fearlessness, occurred about this time. While preaching at the house of Father Fry, in Benton County, Tennessee, David was interrupted by a Mr. Rose who asked him to raise the dead. David administered to the man a stinging rebuke for his wickedness, when Mr. Rose in great anger left the house. After meeting, however, he returned, bringing with him a crowd of armed men, who stood in sullen array about the dooryard.

Probably for the reason that he did not wish the family to be disturbed by them, David went out, cane in hand, to learn their intentions. He was greeted with the brandishing of weapons and dire threats of vengeance; but with the utmost coolness he bared his breast to the mob, and told them to shoot. The same fear seemed to fall upon them that possessed the mobocrat in Missouri, for they fled the premises as if in fear of their lives.

David had now arrived at the state of advancement, noticeable alike in the life of the Savior, and in the closing years of the Prophet Joseph where one sees, in the light of eternal truth, the utter shallowness and worthlessness of worldly pride and pretense, and, cognizant of the fact that no amount of tolerance will cure the evil, is moved to awaken humility with sharp rebuke.

That evening, President Woodruff re-

lates, he and David went to a stream of clear water below the house, and washed their hands and feet as the Lord directs, and bore testimony against those wicked men.

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GAMBLER'S LIFE.

"Do you see that man dressed in broadcloth, wearing a silk hat and gracefully twirling a cane between his slender white fingers? Well, it is of him and his history that my story pertains," said Judge White, to his nephew, as they sat in the rotunda of one of New York City's magnificent hotels, as he called the young man's attention to a well-dressed personage who was standing by the big glass door, indifferently watching the people passing to and fro on the busy street below.

After carefully noting the appearance of the individual in question, Clarence White settled himself comfortably in his easy chair and prepared to listen attentively to his Uncle's story.

Before relating the history of this individual as told by Judge White it is of interest to the reader to know something of him and his nephew.

Rufus White was a gentleman of the true type—a man whose ability and honesty had been so highly appreciated by his fellow men that he had been elected to the position of Chief Justice of the supreme court. His personal appearance was that of a man of probably sixty years of age, grey haired, but whose erect carriage showed but little sign of advanced age. His features were such as would denote great force of character and firmness intermingling with love and charity toward his fellow man. He was the kind of a man whom a person would feel it a relief to go to and unburden

their heart of its troubles, and receive his sympathy and advice.

The young man with whom the Judge was conversing, was his nephew, who was spending a month visiting from his home in Colorado. He was probably twenty years of age, a tall, handsome fellow, full of life and ambitious to see the world and enjoy its apparent pleasures. Of a romantic nature, and innocently inclined to be a little wild, he was at just the age when his entire life depended on which road he chose, and his uncle was anxious that it should be the road toward fame and fortune in this world, and eternal life in the world to come.

The man to whom the Judge referred, was probably thirty-five years of age, whose face, although, no doubt at one time handsome, showed plainly the effects of dissipation. He was faultlessly dressed in the height of fashion, and his mustache was gracefully curled. His eyes appeared restless and noted everything with a nervous, inquiring look. But for his restless, nervous manner, one would suppose him to be some well-to-do business man, but on carefully noting him, a person would naturally look upon him with distrust and suspicion. To a person whose acquaintance with the world was more extensive than was Clarence White's, the man would have been recognized without a moments hesitation as one who lived upon the victims of the gaming table, and such was the case, for it was Charles Long, a noted gambler and confidence man.

Now having given a brief description of the principal parties to this story, let us listen to the history of Charles Long as narrated by Judge White.

"Now, my boy," commenced the Judge, "let us consider first the necessary habits and qualifications for a man

to acquire that he may entrap men and obtain from them by fair means or foul, their hard earned wages, ruin their character, break up their family, and finally, in order to excite admiration for themselves, contribute toward their burial in a drunkards grave. First, he must acquire dishonesty in a marked degree; second, he must eradicate his conscience so thoroughly, that he will never feel its pangs; thirdly, he must practice deceit and become proficient enough in the act that he can not only deceive all with whom he comes in contact, but can deceive himself so thoroughly as to believe he carries on a legitimate business when he robs wives of their husbands, and mothers of their sons. When a man has acquired dishonesty and deceit, and destroyed his conscience, he has not only taken the road which leads directly from God, but has burned the bridges behind him. The man whom I showed you devoted his life's work to acquire this order of things."

"But Uncle," interrupted Clarence, "don't you think you are rather hard on the man who makes his living by gambling? I have heard of a great many cases where this class of men have done very charitable deeds, and many of them, if not most of them, are very kind-hearted."

"My boy, their show of charity, while costing them nothing, for they simply give a little of what really doesn't belong to them to some one else, is simply done in order to deceive people in relation to their true character, and if possible, induce them to associate with their class, and thus produce their downfall. But let us hear what this man said in relation to his experience. One night, two years ago before I was elected to the position I now hold, I was sitting in my

office when a messenger came for me and told me a man wished me to call at the jail immediately, as it was a matter of grave importance. Putting on my coat and hat I hurried to the place designated, and was ushered into a large cell where I found the man who wished to see me.

"Is this Lawyer White?" he inquired.

"That is my name, sir," I answered.

"Well Mr. White, I was arrested a few hours ago charged with being a confidence man, and wish to retain you to defend me."

"Well please state your name and tell me all the circumstances, then I will decide as to my taking the case."

"My name is Charles Long, and, as you have no doubt heard, I am a "sporting man." My statement is a long one, and as I am very much wrought up over the idea of going to the penitentiary, if it will suit your convenience to call in the morning, I will try and tell you my whole story."

"I assented to the arrangement and returning to my office pondered over the matter.

"In the morning I went to the jail as requested, and found the prisoner looking tired and nervous, having evidently passed a sleepless night, but with a great effort to control his nervousness, he began to tell me the remarkable history of his checkered career, and this is the story he told:

"As I lay tossing on this hard prison bunk through the seemingly endless hours of the night, my thoughts wandered back over the occurrences of my life and caused emotions that I thought could not be touched even at the thoughts of the wicked course I have run, but the prison doors yawning to embrace me gives me reason enough to consider my past life. The tide of my

past life is so much against me, that even with the inclination in my heart to do better I fear that the ties that bind me to the past are too strong for me to ever sever. You may well be surprised that a gambler would show any regret for his past life, for it is seldom, if ever the case, for their business will not successfully allow of their feeling either sorrow for their misdeeds, or pity for their victims, but there are often circumstances in a man's life, yes, even in a criminal's life, that bring him face to face with his misdeeds, and compel him to see them in all their hideous aspect, whether he would or not. With dark prospects for the future in a dungeon cell, I am brought to this state of mind, and I will tell you of the hideous realities that appear to my mind's eye as I think of the past.

"I was born in a little village in a Western state thirty-four years ago, and entered into this world with bright prospects for success. My father was a staunch Christian man, and had not only been successful financially, but had been honored with positions of trust and responsibility by the people of the state. My mother was a lovely woman, and looked upon me, her firstborn, with the love that only a mother can bestow upon her child.

"My father, who was in truth a self-made man, had been handicapped in his ambitions to acquire an education through poverty, and he declared that no money should be spared in order to give me a good education, for he considered that education would be the best legacy possible for his children. With this end in view, a governess was obtained for me, who taught me faithfully until I became of school age when I commenced my studies in the public schools. At the age of twelve years I

graduated from that school and commenced a six years course in the State University, from which I graduated at the age of eighteen years.

"During my last year at the University I met a young man a few years older than myself with whom I became quite intimate, and who told me that his father had sent him there to school in order to get him away from some companions who were fast acquiring a taste for gambling and sowing wild oats in various other ways. In my acquaintance with this young man, I soon learned more in relation to "sporting life," as he called it, than I had ever before known, and became interested to such an extent that I was finally induced to try my luck gambling, and I did so with what I considered wonderful success, having won \$25. This money was simply a bait to catch a fish and I swallowed it, hook and all. My infatuation for gambling dated from that time, and my downfall also. One night I lost what money I had of my own, and in order to satisfy the demon within me which prompted me to gamble, I went to the office of a friend and stole twenty-five dollars, thinking to win and return the money during the night, but lost the amount, and when I asked my father for it the next morning he refused, evidently having a suspicion concerning the use I was to make of it. This seemed cruel to me on my father's part, and I nursed this imaginary wrong until the desire for revenge coupled with the need of money with which to pay gambling debts induced me to forge a check on my father for \$500, which I did, and sneaked out of the town, leaving a young, devoted wife to mourn my departure—in fact I think that she and my creditors were the only ones who did regret my leaving.

"In coming from there to this city I

stopped at some of the places en route, and gambled until when I reached here I was without a cent. While wandering around the gambling places, a man asked me if I would take charge of such a place for him, and I told him I would. I worked a short time for him when he became despondent over the losses in the business, for I was robbing him in a systematic manner, and he committed suicide leaving me the necessary apparatus with which to make a living by assisting the devil in obtaining men's souls.

"Soon after my leaving home my wife's health began to fail, and her young life soon went out, all through my desertion of her. The steps to my downfall were as regular as could be. First, evil companions, second, gambling, followed by lying, stealing, forgery and finally the indirect murder of my wife and employer, and God only knows how many more.

"The charge for which I am under arrest is this: One night a respectable man came into my gambling place and lost about \$100, and he told me he was in need of \$20 to get home; and telling him to call again, I let him have the money; and in the conversation which ensued he told me he would sell his farm in the West if he thought he could invest the money in a paying business. I told him to sell out and I would sell him an (imaginary) interest in a well established livery business, and he did sell out. I made arrangements with the hired man in a livery stable where I was acquainted, to show the man through, while the real proprietor was out, and tell the stranger that I owned the place. Everything worked lovely, and I fixed up a bogus bill of sale, and he gave the proceeds of his home for the worthless deed.

"I intended to leave town, but was apprehended and arrested. Now, Mr. White, if this man appears against me, I am sure to go to the penitentiary; so I would suggest that you go to him and tell him that I lost the money gambling, and even should he have me convicted, he would not get the money back, but tell him if he will not appear against me, the charge will be dismissed, and when I am free I will talk to him about returning his money. Don't you think that would work?

"Would you, if I make that arrangement, Mr. Long, promise to return the money as soon as possible?"

"I certainly would promise anything, if I could obtain my freedom. I promise."

"Well, I will see this man, if possible, and see what can be done."

"Obtaining his address from the authorities, I called at the place, and met the man who gave his name as Mr. Rowe, saying that he wished if possible to keep his true name a secret on account of publicity.

"I told him of the fact that even should he succeed in convicting the accused, he could not compel him to return the money; and he might possibly be able to get some of it if the prisoner was released. This fact surprised Mr. Rowe very much, and he said, 'Then, the only hope I have of getting this money is dependent on his honesty, is it?'

"Yes, that is a fact," I answered.

"Well, I shall never get it then," said the man in tones of anguish. Then he continued, excitedly, 'Man, that money was the result of a life of toil and hardship. On that money depended the lives of a mother and children. I can never return to them and tell them of this loss, so will take the quickest way out of the difficulty,' and drawing

a revolver before I could interfere, he shot himself and fell back dead.

"A coroner's inquest was held over the remain of the stranger," continued Judge White, "and from letters found in his pocket it was discovered that his name was James Long, and was a younger brother of Charles.

"When I called at the jail and told the man the circumstances, he read the letters and said. 'Well, I guess it was my brother probably, but now that he is out of the way, I guess I will again be a free man. It was certainly very kind of him to inconvenience himself in order to help me out of this awkward position,' and tendering me my fee we parted.

"This my boy is a brief account of part of the history of a noted gambler's life."

As they left the hotel a newsboy came hollowing down the street, "All about the murder, special edition," and the Judge taking the paper read the head lines.

"A gambler killed," and the next few lines announced that "While playing cards with a stranger Charles Long was shot and instantly killed by his opponent while in the act of cheating the game by taking cards from his coat sleeve."

The Judge and Clarence looked at each other and walked on in silence.

J. H. H.

WHEN a strong brain is weighed against a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of pure gold.

THE aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON IX. — DIVINE AUTHORITY.

"We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof." (*Articles of Faith, par. 5.*)

In order for a man to acceptably preach the Gospel and administer in its ordinances he must first be called of God, "as was Aaron," and ordained under the hands of men holding the authority of the Holy Priesthood. No man can take this honor unto himself without incurring the displeasure of God. In every age of the world when the Lord required men for the work of the ministry He called them, either by His own voice or by the revelations of the Holy Ghost. Noah was called of God to preach repentance unto the Antediluvians; Abraham was also a chosen servant of the Lord, and had received the Holy Priesthood, by which he was enabled to see God and converse with Him face to face, for no man, except those who have been ordained to the Melchisedek Priesthood, can see the face of God and live. (*See Doc. and Cov. Sec. 84, verse 22.*)

Moses was called by direct revelation, the Lord appearing unto him in the burning bush at Mount Horeb. Moses was afraid to look upon the face of God, but the Lord told him that He had come down to send a deliverer to His children who were groaning in Egypt under the bondage of Pharaoh. And God called Moses and said unto him, "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt." (*Exodus ii: 10.*) Later Moses went up to Mount Sinai

and received from the Lord the Ten Commandments, and other laws, for the guidance of the children of Israel.

When the Lord desired Aaron and his sons to be ordained to officiate in the priest's office, he gave a revelation to that effect. He said to Moses: "Take thou unto thee Aaron thy brother, and his sons with him, from among the children of Israel, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office, even Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, Eleazer and Ithamar, Aaron's sons." (*Exodus xxxiii: 1.*)

But in our day men do not wait to be called of God, as were Aaron and his sons. Young men are sent to colleges, where they are made ministers by men. Having passed certain examinations, they are then sent out to preach, but without having been called of God or ordained under the hands of His authorized servants. How different from the way in which Christ called His ministers. Poor, unlearned fishermen were chosen by Him to be His apostles and special witnesses.

"And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And He said unto them, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets and followed Him. And going on from thence. He saw two other brethren, James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets; and He called them. And they immediately left their nets and their father, and followed Him." (*Matt. iv: 18-22*)

In like manner were the rest of the apostles called and ordained, and sent forth to preach the Gospel. When Judas, through transgression, lost his

apostleship, Mathias was appointed by revelation to take his place (*see Acts i: 24-26*); Barnabas and Saul were called to the ministry by the revelation of the Holy Ghost. (*Acts xiii: 1-3.*) No man can be called the minister of the Gospel who has not been appointed by revelation, and ordained by an authorized servant of God.

The following instances will suffice to show how displeased the Lord is with those who undertake to officiate in offices to which they have not been called by Him or His servants: Uzziah, notwithstanding that he was king in Israel, was smitten with leprosy, and remained a leper until the day of his death, because he went into the temple of the Lord to burn incense upon the altar of incense, a duty which appertained not unto Uzziah, but to the priests, the sons of Aaron. (*II. Chron. xxvi chap.*) When David was fetching the ark of the covenant from Kirjath-jarim to Zion, the oxen stumbled, and Uzziah put forth his hand to steady the ark, when the anger of the Lord was kindled against him, and God smote him for his error, and he died by the ark of God. (*II. Sam. vi: 6.*) In the time of Paul, certain vagabond Jews undertook to cast out evil spirits in the name of the Lord. "There were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which did so. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye? And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, so that they fled out of the house naked and wounded." (*Acts xix: 14-15.*)

After the death of the apostles a great apostasy took place in all the churches. False teachers arose who perverted the Gospel of Christ, and finally the Lord took the Gospel and the Holy Priest-

hood from the earth. He promised, however, to restore them in the latter-days. (*See Rev. xiv: 6.*) In the year 1827 the Gospel was restored to the earth, for in that same year an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph Smith, and delivered unto him the plates of the Book of Mormon in which was written the fullness of the everlasting Gospel as preached among the Nephites, the ancient inhabitants of America. With the Gospel were also restored the Aaronic and the Melchisedek Priesthood.

On the 15th of May, 1829, the angel, John the Baptist, appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, in Harmony, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood, saying unto them: "Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the Gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness." (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. 13.*)

In the year 1829 the apostles, Peter, James and John, appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and conferred upon them the Melchisedek Priesthood. Joseph was ordained an Apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first Elder of this Church; Oliver was also ordained an Apostle, and called of God to be the second Elder of this Church. (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. 20: 2-3.*) Soon after this, men were ordained and sent forth to preach the Gospel, and the Lord has ever acknowledged the labors of His faithful servants.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only Church upon the earth which teaches the true and ever-

lasting Gospel, and which has authority from God to administer in the ordinances thereof.

W. A. M.

LIFE is made sweet and its burdens light by kindness. In the home kindness is a mighty lever in promoting happiness and content. Kindness on the part of parents to children and of children to parents and one another has a beautiful and magical power. In some homes there is much kindness at times. It is, however, only periodic or spasmodic. It is like the morning-glory that opens fresh and bright in the morning, but long before midday is reached it is closed and repulsive to the eye. Better it is to be like the petunia, whose flower, while so much resembling the morning-glory, remains open and beautiful the livelong day. The kindness that has power and blessing in it is not spasmodic. It is a principle and a habit. Like charity, it has enduring qualities.

ECCENTRICITY is sometimes found connected with genius, but it does not coalesce with true wisdom. Hence men of the first order of intellect have never betrayed it; and hence also men of secondary talents drop it as they grow wiser; they are content to awaken regard and obtain applause by the rectitude and gracefulness of their going, rather than to make passengers stare and laugh, by leaping over the wall or tumbling along the road.

Men are more unwilling to have their weaknesses and imperfections known than their crimes, and if you hint to a man that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred or awkward, he will hate you more and longer than if you tell him plainly that you think him a rogue.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**GATHERING OF THE JEWS.**

THE Jewish population of Jerusalem is three times greater in this year, 1896, than it was twenty years ago, and is now said to be over sixty thousand. The increase is accounted for by the immigration from Russia. A good many Jews are also settling in several other parts of the land of Palestine.

This is a significant fact; and the Latter-day Saints, who always feel a deep interest in the return of the Jews to the holy land and the fulfillment of the prophecies connected therewith, cannot fail to watch the movements of that people.

We have been taught by the revelations which the Lord has given to us in these latter days, to expect the fulfillment of all prophecies of the ancient prophets concerning the return of the Jews, the re-building of Jerusalem, and the peopling of the holy land by the seed of Israel. The Book of Mormon is filled with predictions concerning this great event, and the faith of the Latter-day Saints has been aroused and is concentrated on these promises which the Lord has made. He has made covenants with His ancient servants concerning their posterity that cannot be broken; and it is exceedingly interesting to us who live in these days to witness the gradual fulfillment of the promises, and to watch the movements of the nations as they are bringing them to pass.

We have always been led to expect that Russia would figure very prominently in the events of the last days connected with the Jews and the holy land. At the present time that great power holds the pre-eminence among the European nations in regard to Turkey and the Armenian question and other questions connected therewith. Russia's policy is well defined, and is aggressive. She is pressing steadily forward to the possession of power in Asia. England has long been afraid of the advance of Russia in the direction of India, and English diplomatists have apparently always had in view the checking of Russia in her designs in that direction. But Russia's influence is very great. She is a mighty power. She has great influence with China, and has undoubtedly been the means of preventing Japan from gathering in all the fruits which she hoped to obtain through her success in the war with China. The recent visit of the Chinese Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, to Russia, has not been without meaning, and it is believed that there is a cordial understanding between China and Russia in relation to future operations in Asia. Russia is building a Siberian railroad. The objective point is the port Vladivostock. The completion of this road will add immensely to Russia's power, and furnish facilities for transportation that will make her exceedingly formidable. Her voice in the affairs of that part of Asia will have to be listened to, as she will be in a position to enforce her demands. Though at the present time this port is closed during the cold months, yet it is stated that it is the intention to keep it open and free from ice during the winter, and to enlarge its facilities. This will add greatly to Russia's naval power. Her policy is one of expansion, and it is said that her

statesmen are following out in their diplomacy the lines that were laid out as early as the reign of Peter the Great. At the present time it is within the power of Russia to say whether the Sultan of Turkey shall continue to reign with the power which he has heretofore exercised.

A rebellion in Crete has stirred up a great deal of feeling, and the Christian powers, as they are called, of Europe have had to interpose. The Armenian question is one that is exciting a great amount of feeling and indignation among the European powers. Turkey is charged with extreme cruelty, and Russia, France and England, as well as other powers, have insisted upon the Sultan making reforms with reference to the Armenians and the Christians generally. This he has promised to do, but many express grave doubts as to his good faith in making this promise.

There appears to be a great hatred of Turkey aroused at the present time, and this feeling is fanned by men who call themselves Christian, but who are fanatical in their hatred of the religion of the Turks. Probably no one cause has contributed so much to this hostile feeling as the missionaries sent out by various Christian churches, whose letters and appeals, highly colored as they have been, have aroused great indignation, not only in our country, but especially in England. Lord Rosebery, who, since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from public life, has stood at the head of the Liberal party in England, has resigned that position, because of views which he entertains that are not in agreement with those of other leaders of his party, particularly Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery is a very liberal man in his opinions. He married a Rothschild—a Jewess, and it is not too much to suppose that his

connection with this eminent Jewish family has had something to do with his actions in relation to the Armenian question. The treatment of the Jews by Turkey has not been such as to arouse much love and respect in the breasts of the Jews or their friends.

Every power that has been unfavorable to the gathering of the Jews and their re-establishment in the land of their fathers will sooner or later be removed, so that no serious, and certainly no insurmountable, obstacle will be in the way of the fulfillment of the words of the Lord. And if it be necessary to accomplish His purposes to have Turkey stripped of its power, that will be done.

It has seemed of late as though Turkey were trembling on the verge of overthrow. It is within a short time that the power of the Sultan as a European sovereign was seriously threatened, and for his escape he is mainly indebted to the diplomatic efforts of Russia and France.

We repeat, all these events are of exceeding interest to us as Latter-day Saints, because, as we have already stated, the fulfillment of prophecy is dependent upon these movements of the nations. We can see how one nation finds it necessary for the furtherance of its policy to checkmate another nation. In doing this the nations appear to know nothing about what the Lord has promised, but they are prompted entirely by self-interest. They make moves for the preservation of their power and for the bringing to pass of that which they desire; and the Lord overrules these for the fulfillment of His purposes. They are really blind instruments of doing that which He has foretold many centuries ago. But to us these movements are full of meaning. The gathering of the Jews is one of the signs that the end

is approaching. The Jews will be gathered to Jerusalem, when the Lord will appear in power and great glory.

Are we not justified, then, in looking at the fulfillment of this sign with the deepest attention and interest, and in asking that the day may hasten on when the Jews will return in still greater number to the chosen land?

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

EVERY man has received some gift—no man all gifts; and this rightly considered, would keep all in a more even temper; as in Nature nothing is altogether useless, so nothing is self-sufficient. This, duly considered, would keep the meanest from repining and discontent, even him that hath the lowest rank in most respects; yet something he hath received that is not only a good to himself, but, rightly improved, may be so to others likewise. And this will curb the loftiness of the most advanced, and teach them not only to see some deficiencies in themselves, and some gifts in far meaner persons which they want, but besides the simple discovery of this, it will put them upon the use of lower persons, not only to stoop to the acknowledgment, but even withal to the participation and benefit of it—not to trample upon all that is below them, but to take up and use things useful, though lying at their feet. Some flowers and herbs that grow very low are of a very fragrant smell and healthful use.

All things with which we deal preach to us. What is a farm but a mute gospel? The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, rain, insects, sun—it is a sacred emblem from the first furrow of spring to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the field.

WE cut ourselves adrift from much that is beautiful and of good report, and we trouble ourselves with the unrest of bitterness and uncharitableness. It has already been suggested that prejudice is a universal failing,²⁷ that impulse must sometimes be the guide of even the best of reasoners. If this be so, it is well to see to it that our preceptions are as far as possible optimistic rather than pessimistic. Better be mistaken in believing the world to be a pleasanter spot than it really is and one's neighbors to be more honest and single-hearted and companionable than is actually the case, than to waste emotion in gloomy groveling in dark spots and recognizing only the sordid and unhealthy. Let us have reasoned judgment by all means; but, if the evidence present any elements of doubt, let us give the benefit of it, like the English law, to the side of innocence and not of guilt. If there must be error, let it be on the side of love rather than of hatred.

WIT undirected by benevolence generally falls into personal satire, the keenest instrument of unkindness. It is easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready materials for our wit—that all the moral forces should be arrayed against the propensity, and its earliest indications checked.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvements; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

It is best to endure what you cannot mend. He is a bad soldier who follows his captain complaining.

Our Little Folks.

THE STORY THE MILKWEED TOLD ME.

OF course you know what I am. I am a little milkweed seed. I am brown and flat. I have fine, white hair all over my head. This hair is so light it helps me fly like a bird or a butterfly. I cannot fly so far as a bird, because the wind sets me down. It gets tired of carrying me, I think.

Would you like to know where I used to live? Listen closely, because I can't speak very loud, and I will tell you.

I didn't live in a house like yours. I lived in a house that was green inside and outside. Do you think that is a funny house? It may be for boys and girls, but it is a very nice house for milkweed seeds. I had many brothers and sisters. We felt quite crowded sometimes, but we were very happy talking together about the sky and the clouds and the sun and the moon and the stars, which we had never seen. The birds and butterflies told us all about them. The birds and butterflies were great friends of ours.

We were not brown then as I am now. We were green like our house, but we were changing color every day until we became brown as you see me.

One day we heard some little girls talking. We knew they were little girls because the birds had told us how they talked.

One little girl said, "Oh, look at these milkweed pods! I am going to take them home and make balls of them." I think she called our houses pods, for just as she said this, she jerked our houses off the stem. "Pop!" went our house, and we all lay winking and blinking in the sunshine. What a beautiful world we looked upon! How warm the sun felt!

How blue the sky was! We did not enjoy the sunshine very long, for the little girl who picked us threw us into a dark place where she carried her books.

Next day she took us out to make balls of us. When she picked up our house she said, "O, dear, these seeds are too ripe," and threw us away. We were glad for we could see all the beautiful things in the world.

One day the wind tore me away from my brothers and sisters and carried me on and on.

The wind told me many nice stories. He told me that he would carry me to a nice soft place, and put me down to rest. He said he would blow dirt and leaves over me. In the winter the snow would cover me warm. The snow would melt in the spring, the sun would warm me, and I would begin to grow. And what do you think I would become? a milkweed plant. Just think! A milkweed plant from a seed! I am very happy. Good-bye, I must go now. The wind wishes to carry me a little farther.

This is the story the little brown milkweed seed told me while he rested on his journey.

After he had gone I thought of the goodness and wisdom of God shown in nature.

He wished the milkweed seeds to be scattered upon all the land, so he placed upon each little seed light, feathery hair, which helps the wind to carry it.

If the seeds didn't have this hair, they would be heavy and the wind could not carry them very far. The seeds would not be scattered then over so much ground as they are now.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

THE YOUNGEST ON RECORD.

Two Tots of Three Years Start Out to Get Married.

THE youngest eloping couple on record says a Pittsburg correspondent, spent several hours at the Allegheny police station today and were returned to their parents. The would-be groom was Charles M. Douglas, aged three years, and his prospective bride was Margaret Carpenter, aged three years and six months. Both are blue-eyed, flax-haired tots, and appeared very much in love with each other. They were indignant when prevented from going to a minister's to have the knot tied. Miss Carpenter had her arm linked in that of her lover, and they were walking hurriedly along North Avenue, Allegheny, heading for a minister's house, when a lady met them, and asked where they were going.

"Marderet and me doin' to det married," spoke up Charles, while Margaret hung her head and blushed and said it was true.

The lady gave the youthful elopers in charge of an officer, who learned their names, but they did not know on what street they lived. At the police station they were handed over to the matron.

Charles also told the matron he intended to marry Margaret. He was a most affectionate lover, placing his arm about the little lady's waist, and was not a bit pleased when she made him remove the arm. Charles admitted he was rather young to wed. When asked what he wanted for a wedding outfit he said:

"A wagon with fifteen wheels to haul Marderet and her doll in."

Margaret said she preferred a laughing and crying doll and a parasol for a present.

Charles was asked by Matron Kellogg if he really and truly loved Margaret. He promptly said "Yes."

In answer to a like question Margaret said "No."

"Say yes," Charles put in coaxingly, and she did

"Do you ever kiss Margaret? Mrs. Kellogg, asked.

"No, he don't," Margaret put in; "I don't let him."

"I do when it gets dark," Charles said.

"Will you kiss her now if I give you a cent?" was asked.

Charles said he would, and gave the lassie a hearty smack, as if he was used to it. After some coaxing Margaret kissed Charles, and then both wanted to go and spend their penny for candy.

The arrival of the parents interrupted the course of true love. As Charles was trotted off by his mamma he declared he would yet wed Margaret.

WON'T AND SHAN'T.

Won't and Shan't were two little brothers,

Angry, and sullen, and gruff.

Try and Will are dear little sisters,

One can scarcely love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down at their noses,

Their faces are dismal to see.

Try and Will are brighter than roses

In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Won't and Shan't are backward and stupid,

Little indeed do they know.

Try and Will learn something new daily,

And seldom are heedless and slow.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible troubles,
Their story is awful to tell.
Try and Will are in the schoolroom,
Learning to read and to spell.

LITTLE MABEL.

LITTLE Mabel had no mother. She was slight, and sweet, and fragile, like her type, the lily of the valley. Her little hand, as you took it in yours, seemed almost to melt in your clasp. She had large dark eyes, whose depths, with all your searching, you might tail to fathom. Her cheek was very pale, save when some powerful emotion lent it a passing flush; her fair, open brow might have defied an angel's scrutiny; her little footfall was noiseless as a falling snow-flake; and her voice was sweet and low as the last note of the bird ere it folds its head under its wing for nightly slumber. The house in which Mabel lived was large and splendid. You would have hesitated to crush with your foot the bright flowers on the thick, rich carpet. The rare old pictures on the walls were marred by no envious cross-lights. Light and shade were artistically disposed. Beautiful statues, which the sculptor, dream-inspired, had risen from a feverish couch to finish, lay bathed in the rosy light which streamed through the silken curtains. Obsequious servants glided in and out, as if taught by instinct to divine the unspoken wants of their mistress.

I said the little Mabel had no mother; and yet there was a lady, fair and bright, of whose beautiful lip, and large, dark eyes, and graceful limbs, little Mabel's were the mimic counterpart. Poets, artists and sculptors had sung, and sketched, and modelled her charms.

Nature had been most prodigal of

adornment. There was only one little thing she had forgotten,—the Lady Mabel had no soul.

Not that she forgot to deck little Mabel's limbs with costliest fabrics of most unique fashioning.

Not that every shining ringlet on that graceful little head was not arranged, by Mademoiselle Jennet, in strict obedience to orders; not that a large nursery was not fitted up luxuriously at the top of the house, filled with toys which its little owner never cared to look at; not that the Lady Mabel's silken robe did not sweep, once a week, with a queenly grace through the apartment, to see if the mimic wardrobe provided for its little mistress fitted becomingly, or needed replenishing, or was kept in order by the smart French maid. Still, as I said before, the little Mabel had no mother!

See her, as she stands there by the nursery window, crushing her bright ringlets in the palm of her tiny hand. Her large eyes glow; her cheek flushes, then pales; now the little breast heaves; for the gorgeous west is one sea of molten gold. Each bright tint thrills her with strange rapture. She almost holds her breath, as they deepen, then fade and die away. And now the last bright beam disappears behind the hills, and the soft, gray twilight comes creeping on. Amid its deepening shadows, one bright star springs suddenly to its place in the heavens. Little Mabel cannot tell why the warm tears are coursing down her sweet face; or why her limbs tremble, and her heart beats so fast; or why she dreads lest the shrill voice of Mademoiselle Jennet should break the spell. She longs to soar, like a bird, or a bright angel. She had a nurse once, who told her "there was a God." She wants to know if He holds that bright

star in its place. She wants to know if heaven is a long way off, and if she shall ever be a bright angel; and she would like to say a little prayer, her heart is so full, if she only knew how; but, poor sweet little Mabel,—she has no mother!

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least so live so as to deserve happiness.


A HUMAN soul without education is like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

HARK, WHAT SOUNDS AWAKE THE AIR!

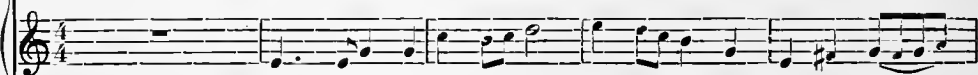
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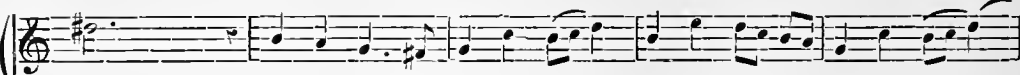
Allegro.

ST. 


1. Hark, what sounds awake the air! To the vales and woodlands fair, Youths and maidens
2. All in har - mony is found, Love and joy prevail a - round; 'Tis a gladsome

2ND 

1. Hark, what sounds awake the air! To the vales and woodlands fair,
2. All in har mony is found, Love and joy pre-vail a - round;



throng: There no care the heart en-cumbers; There sweet music's grateful numbers .
scene: Happy songsters fill the grove, Chanting forth their songs of love . . .



Youths and maidens throng: There no care the heart en-cumbers; There sweet music's
'Tis a gladsome scene: Hap-py songsters fill the grove, Chanting forth their



Blend with dance, . . . with dance and song.
Thro' the arch-es green, the arch - es green.



grate-ful num - bers Blend with dance and song.
songs of love . . . Thro' the arch - es green.

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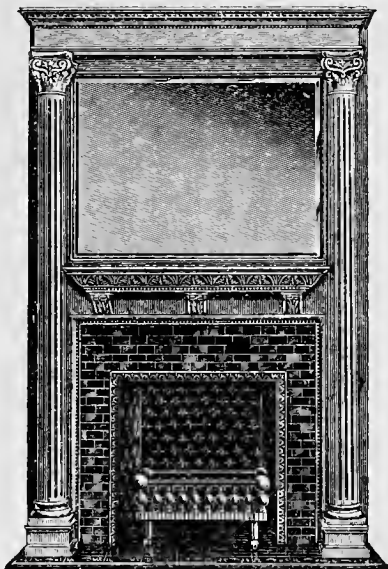
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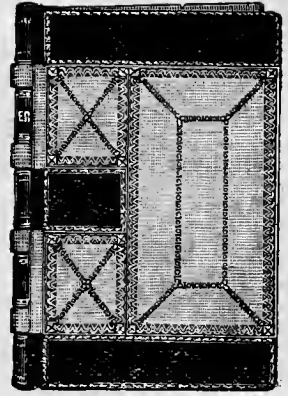
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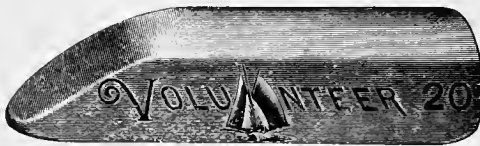
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18DH Duplicate.
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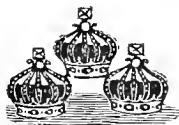
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